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Title: Oblivion

Author:  
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A foreboding and  
nightmarish figure  
surrounded by dark  
energies covers this  
tome.

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Oblivion  
Oblivion has commanded  
That there should be a  
Communion of his  
servants.

That his children should  
Join together in holy  
vision.

Ah, another mortal.

Seeking power, tis  
certain, and I can indeed  
teach thee of power.  
Greater power than thine  
repulsively insignificant  
mind canst possibly

fathom.... the power of  
life and death. The power  
of Unlife.

This power that I offer  
doth come at a price  
that few are willing to  
pay. But bide a moment,

mortal, and I shall teach  
thee some few things.  
Thou hast earned that  
much at least; gaining an  
audience with me has

proven to be no small  
feat for those of thine  
most pathetic ilk.

--The Convergence of  
Unmaking --

Thou must know, firstly,  
of the Convergence of  
Unmaking. Tis the unholy  
union of the two... the  
morbid conflagration of

Oblivion and the eternal  
serpent of Entropy.

-- Oblivion --

To be sure, thou hast  
heard of what mortals  
know as the Vortex, that

central core of the  
ethereal void... that  
source of all life, matter,  
and energy -- and most  
of what thou knowest as  
"magic" -- in thine  
universe. Tis equally sure  
that thou hast no

knowledge of the  
existence of a black,  
twisted mirror of this  
Vortex... a  
counterclockwise  
unmaking... a corruption.  
An ultimate ending point,  
so to speak. The final

state of all matter and  
energy, the source of  
what is known to some  
as the Black Art,  
Necromancy. Quite simply,  
Oblivion.

-- Entropy --

Ah, the force Entropy. If  
not for Entropy's dark,  
sensuous caress, there  
would be no Oblivion of  
which to teach thee. For  
Oblivion doth hunger, and

tis Entropy which doth  
sate this hunger. Death  
and decay... the rotting  
to nothingness of all that  
is. All that shall, in time,  
no longer be. The fallen  
champion on the field of  
battle, the rusted blade,

the once mighty tower  
which doth now crumble  
to dust. The sable  
serpent who did beget  
the child Oblivion. All this,  
living one. All this is  
Entropy.

-- Undeath --

Entropy doth make its  
all-pervading presence felt  
on your world in many  
ways. Perhaps the most  
reviling to thine kind are  
the Undead. Once mortal

beings like thineself, they  
passed into Oblivion and  
were found to have  
certain... qualities...  
desirable to the force of  
Entropy... which did suit  
them to the state of  
Undeath. Thus these

immortal beings were sent  
back unto the world of  
the living in that form.  
Most undead are what  
thou mightiest call "mad,"

having retained no trace  
of sanity in the  
transformation to

undeath. The most  
powerful, and somewhat  
less insane, serve me  
directly, and have no  
compunction whatsoever  
about sending their less  
cognizant brothers back  
to Oblivion. Save perhaps

the Priests, although  
theirs is another matter  
entirely, and not for  
thine ears... yet.

-- Eternity --

The Convergence of  
Unmaking, mortal, is  
eternal, knowing neither  
beginning nor end; it is  
the compulsion for all  
that exists to progress

toward a state of  
ceasing to exist. Mine  
followers see that this is  
the natural order of  
thine universe, and act as  
agents of the force of  
Entropy in order to feed  
Oblivion. They have found

that if one serves the  
Convergence through me,  
it has much to offer in  
return. I shall accept only  
the most able of mortals  
into mine cold embrace,  
and they know that their  
true place is within

Oblivion, where they alone  
shall exist, undying, when  
all is consigned unto it.  
They are immortal.

And now that thou  
knowest some small inkling  
of the power, breather,

thou shouldst know of  
the price. To become  
immortal, to enter into

my service, thou must  
first cast off thine claim  
to this world of  
mortality and all that  
thou hast held dear. Thine

life as thou dost know it  
shall come to an end,  
whether or not thou dost  
become one of the  
Unliving. For although  
there are mortals within  
mine fold, all are soulless.  
Thus the price, weak one,

is thine soul. Cast it off,  
embrace me, and discover  
whether or not thou art  
of the worthy...

-- Entropic Chant --

I am the thorn in the  
foot, I am the blur in  
the sight  
I am the worm at the  
root, I am the thief in  
the night

I am the rat in the wall,  
the leper that leers at  
the gate  
I am the ghost in the  
hall, herald of horror and  
hate  
I am the rust on the  
corn, I am the smut on

the wheat  
Laughing man's labor to  
scorn, weaving a web for  
his feet.  
I am canker and mildew  
and blight, danger and  
death and decay  
The rot of the rain by

night, the blast of the  
sun by day  
I warp and wither with  
drought, I work in the  
swamp's foul yeast  
I bring the black plague  
from the south and  
leprosy in from the east

I am the shrill cold spirit  
that chills the darkness  
you feel after dark  
I am the chaos that  
tears stars apart.  
You cannot escape me  
You cannot defeat me  
You can only embrace me